
Title: Untitled II

Author: Maeve

When the skies of
Brittania darken,
when the trees are
caressed by the moon,
When the night winds
sigh like baby's
breath,
I'll be with thee, that
soon.

When the bards have
put down their music,
When the warriors
have sheathed their
swords,
When the evening is
merely a memory,
They dreams will bear
these words.

The morning can't
pass swift enough.
The afternoon plods
along.
Evening sheds a
hopeful light,
Brilliant-red as my
final song.

Love is a spirit
stronger than Death,
Expansive as the sky.
We share one heart,
we breathe one breath,
As long as you dream,
I'll not die.

For when the skies
of Brittania darken,
when the yews are
caressed by the moon,
When the night winds
remind thee of my
death,
Weep not -- dream.
And I'll be with thee
soon.

Second Place
Winner of the Britain
City Council of
Compassion's
Whispering Day
Poetry Contest.
2-14-01
-Ce'Nedra Willow